All. Gentlemen.
Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.
Ham. Why I will fight with him upon this theam
Untill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.
Quee. O my ſonne, what theame?
Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*, forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my ſum: What wilt thou doe for her?
King. O he is mad *Laertes*.
Quee. For love of God forbeare him.
Ham. Swounds ſhew me what thou't doe,
Woo't weep, woo't fight, woo't faſt, woo't teare thy (ſelfe,
Woo't drink up Eſill, eat a Crocodile?
Ile doe't: doeſt thou come here to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quicke with her, and ſo will I;
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground
Cindging his pate againſt the burning Zone,
Make *Oſſa* like a wart; nay and thou'lt mouth
Ile rant as well as thou.
Quee. This is meere madneſſe,
And thus a while the fit will worke on him;
Anon as patient as a female Doe,
When that her golden cuplets are diſclos'd,
His ſilence will ſit drooping.
Ham. Heare you ſir,
What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?
I lov'd you well, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himſelfe doe what he may
The Cat will mew, a Dogge will have his day. *Exit Hamlet*
King. I pray thee good *Horatio* wait upon him. *& Horatio.*
Strengthen your patience in our laſt nights ſpeech,
Wee'll put the matter to the preſent puſh.
Good *Gertrard* ſet ſome watch over your ſonne,
This Grave ſhall have a living monument,
An houre of quiet thereby ſhall we ſee,
Till then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter